Paying the Price

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Paying the Price

by RedDeadDove

Summary

Will is blackmailed into showing his boss his best-kept secret.

Coercion / Frottage / Office Sex

Notes

READ THE TAGS AND WARNINGS

Words used for Will's genitals: cunt, pussy, folds, clit, lips, hole.

Mentions of pregnancy/fertility. Will is afraid of getting pregnant and Hannibal enjoys that threat.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Mr. Graham, please have a seat.” Hannibal greets as his employee enters his office. The man was in his twenties, much younger than Hannibal himself, who’d just celebrated his 46th birthday.

The man had caught his attention early on in his employment. The brown curls and doe eyes were part of the appeal, as was his omega status, but the man had only grown more fascinating with Hannibal’s latest discovery: he was an omega, and a special one at that.

The man now sat across from him. Not doing a bad job of hiding his nerves.

Hannibal opened the top drawer of his desk and pulled out a folder, containing the proof of his most interesting discovery. He slid it across the table without a word.

Will frowned, accepting the folder and opening it when his boss didn’t speak. Hannibal watched with contained glee as the colour drained from the omega’s face.

“Mr. Lecter, I can explain-“

“Hmm, but I don’t think you can. Unless you can explain why losing my company hundreds of thousands of dollars is actually meant to benefit my company?”

Will was floundering. Hannibal took pity on him. He stood and came over to the other side of the desk, lifting the folder from his hands. “Quite disappointing, Mr. Graham.”

“Please- Mr. Lecter. It was a mistake-“

“Yes, I believe it was.” He agreed, putting the folder back down on his desk. “And mistakes happen.”

The younger man looked up at him with those doe eyes. Standing this close, Hannibal could catch the barest hint of his sweet omega scent. After a beat of silence, Will swallowed thickly. “They-They do?”

Hannibal grinned. “Yes, but they must be paid for.”

The hopeful glint vanished from Will’s eyes. “What…what will you do to me?”

Hannibal leaned against the desk. “That’s not the right question. The question is,” he reached out and pet a hand over Will’s curls, surprised when the man didn’t pull away, “What are you willing to do to pay for your mistake?”

The younger man caught on quickly. His eyes darted down to Hannibal’s crotch, near eye-level with him. “And- if I pay for my mistake, then it’s forgotten?”

Hannibal nodded seriously. “Or course,” he lied. Because he had every intention of making the man pay for this mistake more than once.

Will took a moment, before nodding to himself. “Okay,” he agreed.

He slid off of his chair, sinking to his knees in front of his boss. Hannibal waited until his shaking hands came up to his fly, before reaching down to grab his wrist. “What are you doing?”

“I-Paying for my mistake, like you said-“ Will protested, clearly flustered at the idea that he had read things wrongs.

“By sucking my cock?”

“I…yes?”

Hannibal tightened his grip on his wrist. “And do you think a simple blowjob is enough payment for stealing from my company?”

“I…don’t know.”

“Yes, you do. You know it’s not.” Hannibal snapped.

Will’s cheeks were flushed and he hung his head down submissively.

“No, what could you give me as payment. Something that not just anyone would have to offer.”

Will looked up at him again, and Hannibal was delighted by the understanding he saw in his eyes. “How do you know?” He asked.

Hannibal pulled on his wrist and the omega allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. When standing, their bodies were almost touching. Hannibal reached down and slid his hand between Will’s leg’s, feeling the heat of him through his pants. “I could just tell.”

Male omegas were usually equipped with cocks, most often on the smaller side. But in the rare case, there was something else between their legs. Something Hannibal was very interested in seeing for himself.

Will leaned into him as Hannibal stroked him over his clothes, “Please-“ he whined, “I haven’t-I don’t-“

Hannibal stopped his stroking. “You haven’t what? Haven’t let anyone fuck you before?”

Will’s flush darkened and he looked away from the older man. “No, sir. I haven’t let anyone…do anything. I didn’t want anyone to know.”

Hannibal hummed. His cock was hardening in his pants, and he angled his hips so the omega would be able to feel it. “Well, then your payment is decided. You share your secret with me and your mistake will be forgotten.”

Will looked up at him in shock. “If you-I don’t have any condoms.” Ah, Hannibal realized, Male omegas like Will were extremely fertile even outside of their heats.

“Neither do I. But we won’t need any. You don’t need to give me your virginity.” Will gasped when Hannibal slid his hand inside the front of his dress pants, “I just want to see what you’re hiding.” He murmured, pulling Will close and scenting him as his hand slipped lower.

Finally, his finger tips met with the wet heat of Will’s pussy. He felt the omega squirm against him as he slid his fingers between his folds, gathering his wetness and spreading it over his lips and back up to rub into his clit. It was thicker and longer than he’d anticipated and he pinched it between his fingers to jerk him off. The omega jolted at the sensation, letting out a moan as Hannibal played with his sensitive nub.

“Take off your pants.” Hannibal ordered, pulling his hand out and smiling at the way the omega swayed toward him when he suddenly backed away from their awkward embrace.

“Yes, sir.” Will replied quickly. Very promising, Hannibal thought to himself.

Hannibal unbuttoned his own trousers as he watched the younger man undress himself. He took his cock in hand and gave himself a few strokes, firming up to his full—and substantial—length. Will turned back to him when he was naked from the waist down and his eyes immediately went to the alpha’s cock. Hannibal continued to stroke himself lazily, grinning when the man tore his eyes off his cock to catch his gaze.

“Up on the desk.” He ordered, releasing his cock and letting it hang from his fly.

Will hesitantly sat on the edge of the desk, and tensed when Hannibal returned to his personal space. He stood in between the omega’s legs, and stroked his hands gently down the pale, bare skin of his thighs. When he reached his knees, he ordered the man to lift his legs.

Will did as he was told, letting Hannibal guide his limbs until his feet were flat on the desk, legs spread wide to display his hole.

Hannibal let his eyes rake over the exposed omega. He had neatly trimmed pubes framing his perfect wet folds. His clit jutted out, flushed and at attention. Hannibal couldn’t stop himself from reaching out and brushing his thumb over it, making Will let out a shaky breath. “Look at you, just perfect.” He praised.

Will was looking down at himself as well, watching Hannibal’s long fingers stroke him in feather-light touches. His legs were shaking, from the strain of the position, and nerves. And likely, judging by the state of his sex, arousal.

Hannibal used two of his fingers to spread open his lips, enjoying the wet sound the action made. He held him open for a moment, watching as his hole spasmed under his scrutiny. When he pulled his hand away, wet strings connected his fingers to the omega’s quivering cunt.

“You’re all wet, Will. Is that for me?”

Will didn’t look away as his boss started to massage his shaking inner thighs. His voice came out shaking with his confession, “Yes.”

“You can call me Sir. Or alpha.” He supplied.

“Yes, alpha.” Will said obediently. Hannibal let out a soft groan when he watched slick drip from Will’s pussy down onto the desk. The scent of the aroused omega was thick in his office, and it kept his cock hard and straining.

Will must have noticed his cock twitch between them as the omega reached for it where it hung heavy from his trousers. Hannibal’s hands on his thighs stilled as he watched the man take him in his hand and give him a tentative stroke.

“Good boy,” he praised. Will seemed to hesitate at the words but then his fingers tightened around the alpha’s thick cock and he resumed his motion.

Hannibal let his fingers return to the flushed, dripping treat in front of him. He longed to press his mouth to it, to lick between his folds and suck on his clit. But he decided that would have to wait for another day. He slid his fingers between the man’s lips again, marvelling at the heat and the wetness. He rubbed over the omega’s hole with the flats of his fingers, not pressing inside. Will let out his first proper moan at the sensation.

He gathered the slick on his fingers and distributed it over the omega’s clit, stroking it with great care. Will threw his head back as he pinched his clit lightly between his fingers and began to rub it a little more firmly. Will’s hand kept jerking his cock as he writhed from the pleasure the alpha was giving him.

The angle that Will was stroking him at had the head of his cock mere inches from his eager hole. Hannibal pressed his hips forward and the tip of his cock kissed the wet folds as he continued to play with the omega’s fat clit. Will didn’t react except to moan.

Hannibal rocked his hips forward again into Will’s grip, groaning as his cock head pushed between the slippery wet folds.

“Alpha,” Will moaned a breathy protest, but Hannibal made sure that he didn’t dip into the tight hole. He stopped rubbing the man’s clit to grip his shaft, the omega releasing his hold on it.

“Shh, I’ll keep my promise,” he muttered, guiding the head of his cock up through his dripping folds and over his clit. Will seemed to enjoy the sensation because he wrapped his legs around the older man’s hips, bringing their bodies flush together.

Hannibal adjusted his cock so that it rested up against the omega’s dripping pussy. When he ground his hips, his shaft was slicked by the omega’s juices and he could feel where Will’s clit pushed up against the underside of his cock.

Will whined as Hannibal started to rut against him. He buried his face in the omega’s neck and scented him. “Fuck, yes, please Sir.”

Hannibal groaned and licked at the younger man’s neck, listening to the wet squelching of the man’s cunt against his cock. “Please what, Will? What do you want?” He asked into the omega’s throat.

Hannibal knew what Will Graham wanted. He wanted to be fucked . But he didn't know if he was ready to admit that yet.

Will's legs tightened around him and he ground back against his hard cock. "I want to cum." He said at last.

"Mmm," Hannibal hummed, nipping at his neck, "Do you deserve to cum?"

Will moaned as his boss pulled away from him, but kept rutting his cock against him. "Do you?" He asked again, his hand coming up to cup the back of Will's head and tangle in his hair.

Hannibal pulled on his hair with one hand, exposing his throat. With the other, he gripped his shaft and started jerking himself off, the head of his cock still rubbing up against the omega's engorged clit.

"No, Sir." Will said brokenly, his face contorted in pain from his scalp and pleasure from his clit.

That tipped Hannibal over the edge and he came. He spurted cum over the omega's clit and stomach, and aimed the last few pulses over his pussy lips.

As he came down, he registered Will's weak "Please, alpha- Don't-"

He tightened his grip on the omega's hair, watching in delight as a single tear trailed from the corner of his eye. "I didn't cum inside you, omega." He promised.

He looked down and admired the mess he'd made on Will's cunt. He smeared his cum around with his softening dick, enjoying the omega's whimpers of protest and pleasure as he rubbed his cock back and forth over his clit and in between his folds.

"Please don't, alpha-" Will begged, and Hannibal smirked.

"Quit whining about my cum and I'll give you a reward." He promised, guiding his softening cock back and forth over his fat clit.

Will swallowed and didn't continue to protest. "Good boy." He praised, releasing his grip on the omegas hair.

He let his cock rest at the omega's entrance, not penetrating him but just laying against it, covered in potent alpha cum. Will seemed distressed by this until Hannibal started to stroke his clit. Will watched with wide eyes as Hannibal's expert fingers played with him, bringing him closer and closer to orgasm.

"Yes, there, alpha!" He moaned as Hannibal applied more pressure to his fat clit. He watched the omega's whole body tense and then his orgasm took hold of him. He fell back against the desk and cried out as he convulsed. Hannibal continued to rub his clit, admiring the omega's body. He felt a gush of slick cover the head of his soft cock and had to resist the urge to slip a finger into that tight, wet, pulsing hole. Next time, he thought.

When the omega came down from his high, he found himself laid out on his boss's desk, his pussy spread out, dripping, and covered in cum. Hannibal was seated at his desk. Will stood on shaking legs and dressed himself as quickly as he could.

Hannibal didn't look up when Will finished, standing awkwardly in the middle of his office, which reeked of his juices. "You may go, Mr. Graham."

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed. Part two coming soon!

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